Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands,
War. I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.
Clif. you ſaid as much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.
Nor. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, ỹ could make yee ſtay.
Rich. *Northumberland, Northumberland*, we hold
Thee reuerently.
Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can refraine
The execution of my big ſwolne heart,
Againſt that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere Sun-ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed.
King. Haue done with words great Lords,
And heare me ſpeake.
Queene. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I being a King, am priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd
That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſayſt thou Henry, ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.
For *Yorke* in iuſtice, puts his Armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* ſayes is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot thou haſt thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a fowle miſhapen ſtigmaticke,
Markt by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with
Thy father beares the title of
As if a channell ſhould be cal
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing fr
To parlie thus with Englands
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtraw we
To make that ſhameleſſe calle
Thy husbands father reueld in
And tam'de the French, and m
And had he matcht according
He might haue kept that glory
But when he tooke a begger t
And grac'ſt thy poore ſire wit
Then that ſun-ſhine bred a ſh
Which waſht his fathers fortu
And heapt ſeditions on his cr
For what hath mou'd theſe tu
Hadſt thou bene meeke, our ti
And we in pitty of the gentle K
Had ſlipt our claime vntill ano
George. But when we ſaw ou
And that the harueſt brought
We ſet the axe to thy vſurping
And though the edge haue ſo
Yet know thou we will neuer
Till we haue hewne thee dow
Or bath'd thy growing with
Edw. And in this reſolution
Nor willing any longer confer
Since thou denieſt the gentle K
Sound trumpers, let our bloud
And either victory, or elſe a gr
Queene. Stay *Edward*, ſtay.
Edw. Hence wrangling wo
Thy words will coſt ten thouſ

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBUR